

The Beauty of These Moments

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Summary: It's the 25th Hunger Games, the first Quarter Quell. How would you feel if you know that you will be picked, that you will be chosen to fight, all because you are hated for something that your mother did years ago? Rated T for mild swearing and the whole child slaughter thing.

The Beauty of These Moments

It's a cold February morning, the time of year where there is no longer snow but just biting cold. I'm sitting in the forest behind the school, between the trees who have long since lost their leaves, watching my every breath condense.

I like to come here to think, to get away from the rest of the world and just be by myself. No eyes looking at me a little too long that then quickly look away like they're trying to deny staring at me, secretly hating me from afar for something I didn't even do.

I know why they hate me. It makes absolutely no sense. Why punish a girl for something her mother did? And why just me? Neither of my siblings is hated like I am. Both of them are adored by the entire district. My older brother Jonah is one of the District's best workers, he's strong and capable of doing every job offered here. My little sister is young, happy and adorable. Only I am an outcast.

Being an outcast means a lot of people won't hire me. My options were already minimal, I'm not strong at all. Strength means a lot here. If that wasn't bad enough, I'm also extremely clumsy. No one in their right mind would hire me because of that. And because I am an outcast, nobody in their wrong mind will hire me either.

But in a way, it suits me. I don't like people much, and not having to work means I have a lot of time to be by myself and think.

The sun is starting to set, even though it's only about half past

four. The sunset makes the sky turn beautiful pinks and oranges and I see the first stars showing in the east.

Moments like these are the moments that I tell myself to remember, to treasure, but inevitably I forget, forget the beauty of moments like these.

I stay there about an hour longer, then I start heading back to the small house that my family and I call home. I know that my mother will start worrying if I don't get home soon.

I walk in the door and my mother smiles at me. "Hello Fern, did you hear the news? Jonah just got promoted! So I decided to make some rabbit stew as a special treat."

"That's great!" I smile. Jonah's only two years older than I am, so we're quite close. Him getting promoted is one of the best things that could happen to me.

But it's not just Jonah's promotion that gets me excited, it's the stew. Most families in District Seven, including mine, don't regularly get to eat enough. Unlike most Districts, we don't produce food, so there isn't much to feed the citizens of Seven. We have to get most of our food off the black market. But when there's enough, we sure know how to eat.

My sister Tabitha walks into the room and immediately starts talking about the Hunger Games. The Hunger Games aren't until July, but because it's the 25th anniversary, there is going to be a twist. That twist is going to be announced and as always, viewing will be mandatory. Oh Lord, I really don't want to see what kind of horrifying twist the Capitol has in store for the tributes this year.

But like a lot of things, it's not like I have a choice.

* * *

><p>AN: This is my first time writing fanfiction, so please take this into consideration when writing a review. I'm sorry it's a bit short, I promise the next few chapters will be a bit longer! I'll add a few new chapters ASAP.**

End
file.